

Traveler In Time

Fates Warning

Old man time, Wisdom and Rhyme.
Seeker of reason, reaper of time.
Born to a spell he walks the beaten path
To hell, rusty shackles of time burden his mind,

Once on his side time turns to defy.
In a flash of the lightening he's come and gone.
The clock strikes the hour, he climbs to the belfry,
As he's done a thousand hours before.

Many dark years, not a vacant hour through
War and fear had the bell been ever strayed,
Hypnotized rhythmic pendulum synchronized
With the beat of the old mans heart.

Man or machine he's living a dream,
Forever the clock lives so does he.
Faces below fade with seasons of long ago,
Forever awake in his brass bed.

Who holds the key.
It's all a matter of time, is there reason
Or Rhyme - is there?
Traveler in time another left

Behind - you are
Tangled in the web of time you've
Swallowed the pill of illusion.
Writings so clear on the wall you

Waste in seclusion.
Mirror reflects the mark of the crowfoot.
In his eyes now he realize.
Nearing his hour he climbs to the belfry

As he's done a thousand hours before.
Moon of blaze is in the sky.
West wind he whispers why.
Sacrifice living for life his perpetual vice.

Lonely wind blows through his empty soul.
He cries a river of tears on the clock below.
Nothing forever and time will tell.
His tears rust the clock and he dies as well.